

THE "SENTINEL"

Has the Largest Bona Fide Circulation of Any Daily Paper in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Advertisers and Others are Invited to Call at this Office and Verify this Assertion.

HALF-CENT COLUMN.

Advertisements in this column, such as Wanted, Lost, Found, For Sale, To Rent, To Exchange, Personal, etc., will be printed at one-half cent per word, each insertion. No advertisement for less than five cents. The first insertion in this column is for the purpose of placing this column within the reach of everybody.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BOILER MAKERS WANTED. Fair wages, Atlas Engine Works, Indianapolis, Ind. 14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-1570-1571-1572-1573-1574-1575-1576-1577-1578-1579-1580-1581-1582-1583-1584-1585-1586-1587-1588-1589-1590-1591-1592-1593-1594-1595-1596-1597-1598-1599-1600-1601-1602-1603-1604-1605-1606-1607-1608-1609-1610-1611-1612-1613-1614-1615-1616-1617-1618-1619-1620-1621-1622-1623-1624-1625-1626-1627-1628-1629-1630-1631-1632-1633-1634-1635-1636-1637-1638-1639-1640-1641-1642-1643-1644-1645-1646-1647-1648-1649-1650-1651-1652-1653-1654-1655-1656-1657-1658-1659-1660-1661-1662-1663-1664-1665-1666-1667-1668-1669-1670-1671-1672-1673-1674-1675-1676-1677-1678-1679-1680-1681-1682-1683-1684-1685-1686-1687-1688-1689-1690-1691-1692-1693-1694-1695-1696-1697-1698-1699-1700-1701-1702-1703-1704-1705-1706-1707-1708-1709-1710-1711-1712-1713-1714-1715-1716-1717-1718-1719-1720-1721-1722-1723-1724-1725-1726-1727-1728-1729-1730-1731-1732-1733-1734-1735-1736-1737-1738-1739-1740-1741-1742-1743-1744-1745-1746-1747-1748-1749-1750-1751-1752-1753-1754-1755-1756-1757-1758-1759-1760-1761-1762-1763-1764-1765-1766-1767-1768-1769-1770-1771-1772-1773-1774-1775-1776-1777-1778-1779-1780-1781-1782-1783-1784-1785-1786-1787-1788-1789-1790-1791-1792-1793-1794-1795-1796-1797-1798-1799-1800-1801-1802-1803-1804-1805-1806-1807-1808-1809-1810-1811-1812-1813-1814-1815-1816-1817-1818-1819-1820-1821-1822-1823-1824-1825-1826-1827-1828-1829-1830-1831-1832-1833-1834-1835-1836-1837-1838-1839-1840-1841-1842-1843-1844-1845-1846-1847-1848-1849-1850-1851-1852-1853-1854-1855-1856-1857-1858-1859-1860-1861-1862-1863-1864-1865-1866-1867-1868-1869-1870-1871-1872-1873-1874-1875-1876-1877-1878-1879-1880-1881-1882-1883-1884-1885-1886-1887-1888-1889-1890-1891-1892-1893-1894-1895-1896-1897-1898-1899-1900-1901-1902-1903-1904-1905-1906-1907-1908-1909-1910-1911-1912-1913-1914-1915-1916-1917-1918-1919-1920-1921-1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927-1928-1929-1930-1931-1932-1933-1934-1935-1936-1937-1938-1939-1940-1941-1942-1943-1944-1945-1946-1947-1948-1949-1950-1951-1952-1953-1954-1955-1956-1957-1958-1959-1960-1961-1962-1963-1964-1965-1966-1967-1968-1969-1970-1971-1972-1973-1974-1975-1976-1977-1978-1979-1980-1981-1982-1983-1984-1985-1986-1987-1988-1989-1990-1991-1992-1993-1994-1995-1996-1997-1998-1999-2000-2001-2002-2003-2004-2005-2006-2007-2008-2009-2010-2011-2012-2013-2014-2015-2016-2017-2018-2019-2020-2021-2022-2023-2024-2025-2026-2027-2028-2029-2030-2031-2032-2033-2034-2035-2036-2037-2038-2039-2040-2041-2042-2043-2044-2045-2046-2047-2048-2049-2050-2051-2052-2053-2054-2055-2056-2057-2058-2059-2060-2061-2062-2063-2064-2065-2066-2067-2068-2069-2070-2071-2072-2073-2074-2075-2076-2077-2078-2079-2080-2081-2082-2083-2084-2085-2086-2087-2088-2089-2090-2091-2092-2093-2094-2095-2096-2097-2098-2099-2100-2101-2102-2103-2104-2105-2106-2107-2108-2109-2110-2111-2112-2113-2114-2115-2116-2117-2118-2119-2120-2121-2122-2123-2124-2125-2126-2127-2128-2129-2130-2131-2132-2133-2134-2135-2136-2137-2138-2139-2140-2141-2142-2143-2144-2145-2146-2147-2148-2149-2150-2151-2152-2153-2154-2155-2156-2157-2158-2159-2160-2161-2162-2163-2164-2165-2166-2167-2168-2169-2170-2171-2172-2173-2174-2175-2176-2177-2178-2179-2180-2181-2182-2183-2184-2185-2186-2187-2188-2189-2190-2191-2192-2193-2194-2195-2196-2197-2198-2199-2200-2201-2202-2203-2204-2205-2206-2207-2208-2209-2210-2211-2212-2213-2214-2215-2216-2217-2218-2219-2220-2221-2222-2223-2224-2225-2226-2227-2228-2229-2230-2231-2232-2233-2234-2235-2236-2237-2238-2239-2240-2241-2242-2243-2244-2245-2246-2247-2248-2249-2250-2251-2252-2253-2254-2255-2256-2257-2258-2259-2260-2261-2262-2263-2264-2265-2266-2267-2268-2269-2270-2271-2272-2273-2274-2275-2276-2277-2278-2279-2280-2281-2282-2283-2284-2285-2286-2287-2288-2289-2290-2291-2292-2293-2294-2295-2296-2297-2298-2299-2300-2301-2302-2303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-2602-2603-2604-2605

THOMAS MOORE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Read at the Boston celebration of the Poet's Centenary.]

Enchanter of Erin, whose magic has bound
Thy wand for one moment we fondly
would claim.
Entranced while he summons the phan-
toms around us
That bluish into life the sound of thy
name.
The tell-tale of memory wake from their
slumbers.
I hear the old song with its tender re-
frain.
What passion lies hid in those honey-
voiced numbers.
What perfume of youth in each ex-
quisite strain!
The home of my childhood comes back as
a vision—
Hark! hark! a soft chord from its song-
haunted room.
'Tis a morning of May, when the air is
cloyant,
The syringas in bud and the lilac in
bloom;
We are clustered around the "Clementi"
piano—
There were six of us then, there are two
of us now.
She is singing the girl with the silver
soprano.
"How the Lord of the Valley" was false
to his vow.
"Let Erin remember," the echoes are call-
ing.
Through "the Vale of Avoca" the waters
are rolled.
"The Exile's Rhapsody" while the night dews
are falling.
"The Morning of Life" dawns again as
of old.
But, ah! those warm love songs of fresh
adolescence
Around us such raptures celestial they
haunted.
That it seemed as if Paradise breathed its
quintessence
Through the soft-toned lips of the
maiden that sung.
Long hushed are the chords that my boy-
hood cherished.
As when the smooth wave by the angel
was stirred,
Yet still within their music is memory
haunted.
And oft in my dreams are their melo-
dies heard.
I feel like the priest to his altar returning:
The crowd that was kneeling no longer
is there;
The flame had died down, but the brands
are still burning.
And saffron and cinnamon sweeten the
air.

The veil for her bridal young summer is
weaving
In her azure-domed hall with its tapestried
floor.
And spring the last teardrops of May-
dew is lessening
On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock
of Moore.
How like, how unlike, as we view them
together,
The song of the minstrel, whose record
we scan,
One fresh as the breeze blowing over the
heather,
One sweet as the breath from Odalisque's
heaven.
Ah, passion can glow mid a palace's splen-
dor.
The bird does not alter the song of the
bird.
And the curtain of silk has known whis-
pers as tender
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has
heard.
No fear lest the step of the soft-slipped
graces
Should fright the young loves from their
warm little nest.
For the heart of a queen, under jewels and
laces,
Beats time with the pulse in the pean-
ant girl's breast.
Thrice welcome each gift of kind nature's
bestowing
Her fountain heads little the goblet we
hold.
Alike when its musical waters are flow-
ing.
The shell from the seashore, the chalice
of gold.
The twins of the lyre to her voices had
listened.
Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's
shrine;
For Celtic loved minstrel the holy
wreath glistened.
For Erin's rose and the myrtle en-
twined—
And while the fresh blossoms of summer
are braided,
For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered,
lake-jeweled isle,
While her mantle of verdure is woven un-
faded,
While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple
and smile,
The land where the staff of St. Patrick was
planted,
Where the shamrock grows green from
the cliffs to the shore,
The land of fair maidens and heroes un-
daunted,
Shall wreath her bright harp with the
garlands of Moore.

BEBEE,

OR

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

A STORY.

By "OUIDA."

AUTHOR OF "STRATHMORE," "TRIO-
TRAIN," "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "IDALIA,"
"PARACRE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"And it is so damp here for you, over all that water!" said Bebee as she swept and dusted and set to rights the tiny place, and put in a little broken pot a few sprays of honey-suckle and rosemary that she had brought with her. "It is so damp here. You should have come and lived in my hut with me, Annie, and sat out under the vine all day and looked after the chickens for me when I was in town. They are such mischievous little souls; as soon as my back is turned one or other is sure to push through the roof, and get out among the flowerbeds. Will you never change your mind, and live with me, Annie? I am sure you would be happy, and the darling says your name quite plain, and he is such a funny bird to take to; you never would tire him. Will you never come? It is so bright there, and green and sweet smelling; and to think you never even have seen it!—and the swans and all,—it is a shame!"

"No, dear," said old Annie, eating her last bunch of currants. "You have said so often, and you are good and mean, that I know. But I could not leave the water. It would kill me. Out of this window you know I saw Jeannot's brig go away—away—away—till the masts were lost in the mists. Going with iron to Norway; the Fleur d'Epine of this town, a good ship, and a sure, and her mate; and as proud as might be, and with a little blest Mary in lead round his throat. She was to be back in port in eight months, bringing timber. Eight months—that brought Easter-time. But she never came. Never, never, never, you know. I sat here watching them come and go, and my child sickened and died, and the summer passed, and the autumn, and all the while I looked—looked—looked; for the brig was all much alike; and only her I always saw as soon as she hove in sight (because he tied a hank of flax to her mizen mast); and when he would come safe and sound I spun the hank into a rope for him; that was a fancy of his, and for eleven voyages, one on another, he

had never missed to tie the flax nor I to spin the hank. But the hank of flax I never saw this time; nor the brave brig; nor my good man with his sun-ny blue eyes. Only one day in winter, when the great blocks of ice were smashing hither and thither, a coaster came in and brought tidings of how off in the Danish waters they had come on a waterlogged brig, and had bearded her, and had found her empty, and her hull riven in two, and her crew all drowned and dead beyond any manner of doubt. And on her stern there was her name painted white, the Fleur d'Epine, of Brussels, as plain as name could be; and that was all we ever knew; what evil had struck her, or how they had perished, nobody ever told. Only the coaster brought that bit of beam away, with the Fleur d'Epine written clear upon it. But you can say I am a fool, any one of those ships may bring him aboard of her, and he may leap out on the wharf there, and come running up the stairs as he used to do, and cry, in his merry voice, 'Annie, Annie, here is more flax to spin, here is more hank to weave!' For that was always his homeward word; no matter whether he had had fair weather or foul, he always knotted the flax to his mast-head. So you see, dear, I could not leave here. For what if he came and found me away? He would say it was an odd fashion of mourning for him. And I could not do without the window, you know. I can watch all the brigs come in; and I can smell the shipping smell that I have loved all the days of my life; and I can see the lads heaving, and climbing, and furling, and mending their bits of canvas, and hauling their flags up and down. And then who can say?—the sea never took him, I think—I think I shall hear his voice before I die. For they do say that God is good."

Beebe, sweeping very noiselessly, listened, and her eyes grew wistful and wondering. She had heard the story a thousand times; always in different words, but always the same little tale, and she knew how old Annie was deaf to all the bells that tolled that time, and blind to all the whiteness of her hair and all the wrinkles of her face, and only thought of her sea-slain lover as he had been in the days of her youth.

But this afternoon the familiar history had a new pathos for her, and as the old soul put aside with her palsied hand the square of canvas that screened the casement, and looked out with her old dim eyes strained in the longing that God never answered, Beebe felt a strange chill at her own heart, and wondered to herself—

"What can it be to care for another creature like that? It must be so terrible, and yet it must be beautiful too. Does everyone suffer like that?"

She did not speak at all as she finished sweeping the bricks, and went down stairs for a metal crucible full of water, and set over a little charcoal on the stove the old woman's brass soup-kettle with her supper of stewing cabbage.

Annie did not hear or notice; she was still looking out of the hole in the wall on to the masts, and the sails, and the water.

It was twilight. From the barges and brigs there came the smell of the sea. The sailors were shouting to each other. The craft were crowded close, and lost in the growing darkness. On the other side of the canal the bellies were ringing for vesper.

"Eleven voyages one and another, and he never forgot to tie the flax to the mast," Annie murmured, with her old wrinkled face leaning out into the gray air. "It used to fly there, one could see it coming up half a mile off,—just a pale-yellow flake on the wind, like a tress of my hair, he would say. No, no, I could not go away; he may come to-night, to-morrow, any time; he is not drowned, not my man; he was all I had, and God is good, they say."

Beebe listened and looked; then kissed the old shaking hand and took up the lace patterns and went softly out of the room without speaking.

When old Annie watched at the window it was useless to seek for any word or sign of her; people said that she had never been quite right in her head since that fatal winter noon sixty years before, when the coaster had brought into port the broken beam of the good brig Fleur d'Epine.

Beebe did not know about that, nor heed whether her wits were right or not. She had known the old creature in the lace-room where Annie pricked out designs, and she had conceived a great regard and sorrow for her; and when Annie had become too ailing and aged to go herself any longer to the lace-maker's place, Beebe had begged leave for her to have the patterns at home, and had carried them to and fro for her for the last three or four years, doing many other little useful services for the lone old soul as well—services which Annie hardly perceived, she had grown so used to them, and her feeble intelligence was so sunk in the one absorbing idea that she must watch all the days through and all the years through for the coming of the dead man and the lost brig.

Beebe put the lace patterns in her basket, and trotted home, her sabots clattering on the stones.

"What it must be to care for anyone like that!" she thought, and by some vague association of thought that she could not have pursued, she lifted the leaves and looked at the moss-rose bud.

It was quite dead.

CHAPTER VII.

As she got clear of the city and out on her country road, a shadow fell across her in the evening light.

"Have you had a good day, little one?" asked a voice that made her stop with a curious vague expectancy and pleasure.

"It is you!" she said, with a little cry, as she saw her friend of the silk stockings leaning on a gate midway in the green and solitary road that leads to Laeken.

"He is it!" he answered, as he joined her. "Have you forgiven me, Beebe?"

She looked at him with frank, ap-

pealing eyes, like those of a child in fault.

"Oh, I did not sleep all night," she said simply. "I thought I had been rude and ungrateful, and I could not be sure I had done right, though to have done otherwise would certainly have been wrong."

He laughed.

"Well, that is a clearer deduction than is to be drawn from most moral uncertainties. Do not think twice about the matter, my dear. I have not, I assure you."

"No!"

She was a little disappointed. It seemed such an immense thing to her; and she had lain awake all the night, turning it about in her little brain, and appealing vainly for help in it to the sixteen sleep-angels.

"No, indeed. And where are you going so fast, as if those wooden shoes of yours were sandals of Mercury?"

"Mercury is that a shoemaker?"

"No, my dear. He did a terrible bit of cobbling once, when he made Woman. But he did not shoe her feet with swiftness that I know of; she only runs away to be run after, and if you do not pursue her, she comes back—always."

Beebe did not understand at all. "I thought God made women!" she said, a little awe-stricken.

"You call it God. People three thousand years ago called it Mercury or Hermes. Both mean the same thing,—mere words to designate an unknown quality. Where are you going? Does your home lie here?"

"Yes, onward, quite far onward," said Beebe, wondering that he had forgotten all she had told him the day before about her hut, her garden, and her neighbors. "You did not come and finish your picture to-day; why was that? I had a rosebud for you, but it is dead now."

"I went to Anvers. You looked for me a little, then?"

"Oh, all day long, for I was so afraid I had been ungrateful."

"That is very pretty of you. Women are never grateful, my dear, except when they are very ill-treated. Mercury, whom we were talking of, gave them, among other gifts, a dog's heart."

Beebe felt bewildered; she did not reason about it, but the idle, shallow, cynical tone, pained her by its levity and its unlikeness to the sweet, staid, gray summer evening.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" he pursued. "The night is cool, and it is only seven o'clock. I will walk part of the way with you."

"I am in a hurry because I have Annie's patterns to do," said Beebe, glad that he spoke of a thing that she knew how to answer. "You see, Annie's hand shakes and her eyes are dim, and she pricks the patterns all awry and never perceives it; it would break her heart if one showed her so, but the Bae would not take them as they are; they are of no use at all. So I prick them out myself on fresh paper, and the Bae thinks it is all her doing, and pays her the same money, and she is quite content. And as I carry the patterns to and fro for her, because she cannot walk, it is easy to cheat her like that; and it is no harm to cheat so, you know. He was silent."

"You are a good little girl, Beebe, I can see," he said at last, with a graver sound in his voice. "And who is this Annie for whom you do so much—an old woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, quite old; incredibly old. Her man was drowned at sea sixty years ago, and she watches for his brig still, night and morning."

"The dog's heart. No doubt he beat her, and had a wife in fifty other parts."

"Oh, no," said Beebe, with a little cry, as though the word against the dead man hurt her. "She has told me so much of him. He was as good as good could be, and loved her as good and between the voyages they were so happy. Surely that must have been sixty years now, and she is so sorry still, and still will not believe that he was drowned."

He looked down on her with a smile that had a certain pity in it.

"Well, yes; there are women like that, I believe. But be very sure, my dear, he beat her. Of the two, one always holds the whip and uses it,—the other cringes."

"I do not understand," said Beebe.

"No—but you will."

"I will?—when?"

He smiled again.

"Oh—to-morrow, perhaps, or next year—or when Fate fancies."

"Or rather—when I choose," he thought to himself, and let his eyes rest with a certain pleasure on the little feet, that went beside him in the grass, and the pretty fair bosom that showed over and again, as the frills of her linen bodice were blown back by the wind and her own quick motion.

Beebe looked also up at him; he was very handsome, and looked so to her, after the broad blunt characterless faces of the Walloon peasantry around her. He walked with an easy grace, he was clad in picture-like velvets, he had a beautiful poetic head, and a face like one of Jordans or Rembrandt's cavaliers in the galleries where she used to steal in of a Sunday, and look up at the paintings, and dream of what the world could be in which those people had lived.

"You are of the people of Rubes' country, are you not?" she asked him.

"Of what country, my dear?"

"Of the people that live in the gold frames," said Beebe, quite seriously.

"In the galleries, you know. I know a chairwoman that scrubs the floors of the Arenberg Palace, and she lets me in sometimes to look; and you are just like those great gentlemen in the gold frames, only you have not a hawk and a sword, and they always have. I used to wonder where they came from for they are not like any of us one bit, and the chairwoman—she is Lisa Redel, and lives in the street of the Pot d'Etain—always said, 'Dear heart, they are their like nowadays.' But you must come out of Rubes' land; at least, I think so, do you not?"

He caught her meaning; he knew that Rubes was the homely abbreviation of Rubens that all the Netherlanders used, and he guessed the idea

that was really in this little lonely fanciful mind.

"Perhaps I do," he answered her with a smile, for it was not worth his while to disabuse her thoughts of any imagination that glorified him to her. "Do you not want to see Rubes' world, little one? To see the gold and the grandeur, and the glitter of it all?—never to toil or get tired?—always to move in a pageant?—always to live like the hawks in the paintings you talk of, with silver bells hung round you, and a hood all sewn with pearls?"

"No," said Beebe, simply. "I should like to see it—just to see it, as one looks through a grating into the king's grape-houses here. But I should not like to live in it. I love my hut, and the starling, and the chickens, and what would the garden do without me?—and the children, and the old Annie? I could not do without any of them, be they happier than I am. There is only one thing I wish."

"And what is that?"

"To know something; not to be so ignorant. Just look—I can read a little, it is true; my Hours, and the letters, and when Krebs brings in a newspaper I can read a little of it—not much. I know French well, because Antoine was French himself, and never did talk Flemish to me; and they being Netherlanders, cannot, of course, read the newspapers at all, and so think it very wonderful indeed in me. But what I want is to know things, to know all about what was before ever I was living. St. Gudule now—they say it was built hundreds of years before; and Rubes again—they say he was a painter-king in Antwerp before the oldest oldest woman like Annie ever began to count time. I am sure books tell you all those things, because I see the students coming and going with them; and when I saw once the millions of books in the Rue de Musee, I asked the keeper what use they were for, and he said 'To make men wise, my dear.' But Gringoire Bac the cobbler, who was with me,—it was a fete day,—Bac, he said, 'Do not you believe that, Beebe; they only muddle folks' brains; for one book tells them one thing, and another book another, and so on, till they are dazed with all the contrary lying; and if you see a bookish man, be sure you see a very poor creature who could not hold a patch, or kill a pig, or stitch an upper-leather, were it ever so.' But I do not believe that Bac said right. Did he?"

"I am not sure. On the whole, I think it is the truest remark on literature I have ever heard, and one that shows great judgment in Bac. Well?"

"Well—sometimes, you know," said Beebe, not understanding his answer, but pursuing her thoughts confidently. "Sometimes I talk like this to the neighbors, and they laugh at me. Because Mere Krebs says that when one knows how to spin and sweep and make bread and say one's prayers and milk a goat or a cow, it is all a woman wants to know this side of heaven. But for me, I cannot help it—when I look at those windows in the cathedral, or at those beautiful twisted little spires that are all over our Hotel de Ville, I want to know who the men were that made them—what they did and thought—how they looked and spoke—how they learned to shape stone into leaves and grasses like that—how they could imagine all those angel faces on the glass. When I go alone in the quiet early morning or at night when it is still—sometimes in winter I have to stay till it is dark over the lace—I hear their feet come after me, and they whisper to me close 'Look what beautiful things we have done, Beebe, and you all forget us quite. We did what will never die, but our names are as dead as the stones.' And then I am so sorry for them and ashamed. And I want to know more. Can you tell me?"

He looked at her earnestly; her eyes were shining, her cheeks were warm, her little mouth was tremulous with eagerness.

"Did any one ever speak to you in that way?" he asked her.

"No," she answered him. "It comes into my head of itself. Sometimes I think the cathedral angels put it there. For the angels must be tired, you know; always pointing to God and always seeing men turn away. I used to tell Antoine sometimes. But he used to shake his head and say that it was no use thinking; most likely St. Gudule and St. Michael had set the church down in the night all ready-made, why not? God made the trees, and they were more wonderful, he thought, for his part. And so perhaps they are, but that is no answer. And I do want to know. And I want some one who will tell me, and if you come out of Rubes' country as I think, no doubt you know every thing, or remember it."

He smiled.

"The free pass to Rubes' country lies in books, pretty one. Shall I give you some?—nay, lend them, I mean, since giving you are too willful to hear of without offense. You can read, you said?"

Beebe's eyes glowed as they lifted themselves to his.

"I can read—not very fast, but that would come with doing it more and more, I think, just as spinning does—one knows the thread and breaks it a million times before one learns to spin as fine as cobwebs. I have read the stories of St. Anne, and of St. Catherine, and of St. Luven fifty times, but they are all the books that Father Francis has; and no one else has any among us."

"Very well. You shall have books of mine. Easy ones at first; and then those that are more serious. But what time will you have? You do so much; you are like a little golden bee."

Beebe laughed happily.

"Oh! give me the books and I will find the time. It is light so early now. That gives one so many hours. In winter one has so few one must lie in bed, because to buy a candle you know one cannot afford, except, of course, a taper now and then, as one's duty is, for our Lady or for the dead. And will you really, really, lend me books?"

"Really, I will. Yes. I will bring you one to the Grande Place to-morrow, or meet you on your road with it. Do you know what poetry is, Beebe?"

"No." "But you flowers talk to you?"

"Ah! always. But then no one else hears them ever but me; and so no one else ever believes."

"Well; poets are folks who hear the flowers talk as you do, and the trees, and the seas, and the beasts, and even the stones; but no one else ever hears these things, and so, when the poets write them out, the rest of the world say, 'That is very fine, no doubt, but only good for dreamers; it will bake no bread.' I will give you some poetry, for I think you care more about dreams than about bread."

"I do not know," said Beebe; and she did not know, for her dreams, like her youth and her innocence, and her simplicity, and her strength, were all unconscious of themselves, as such things must be to be pure and true at all.

Beebe had grown up straight, and clean, and fragrant, and joyous as one of her own carnations; but she knew herself no more than the carnation knows its color and its root.

"No, you do not know," said he, with a sort of pity; and thought within himself, was it worth while to let her know?

If she did not know, these vague aspirations and imaginations would drop off from her with the years of her early youth, as the lime-flowers drop downwards with the summer heats. She would forget them. They would linger a little in her head, and, perhaps, always wake at some sunset hour or some angelic chime, but not to trouble her. Only to make her cradle-song a little sadder and softer than most women's was. Unfed, they would sink away and bear no blossom.

She would grow into a simple, hardy, hard-working, God-fearing Flemish woman like the rest. She would marry, no doubt, some time, and rear her children honestly and well; and sit in the market-stall every day, and spin and sew, and dig and wash, and be content with poor food to the end of her harmless and laborious days—poor little Beebe.

He saw her so clearly as she would be, if he let her alone.

A little taller, a little broader, a little browner, less sweet of voice, less soft of skin, less flower like in face; having learned to think only as her neighbors thought, of price of wood and cost of bread; laboring cheerily but hardly from daybreak to nightfall to fill hungry mouths; forgetting all things except the little curly-heads clustered round her soup pot, and the year old lips sucking at her breasts.

A blameless life, an eventless life, a life as clear as the dew-drop, and as colorless; a life opening, passing, ending in the little green wooded lane, by the bit of water where the swans made their nests under the willows; a life like the life of millions, a little purer, a little brighter, a little more tender, perhaps, than those lives usually are, but otherwise as like them as one ear of barley is like another as it rises from the soil, and blows in the wind, and turns brown in the strong summer sun, and then goes down to the sod again under the sickle.

He saw her just as she would be if he let her alone.

But should he leave alone?

He cared nothing; only her eyes had such a pretty, frank, innocent look like a bird's in them, and she had been so brave and bold with him about silken stockings; and this little ignorant, dreamful mind of hers was so like a bluish rosebud, which looks so close-shut, and so sweet-smelling, and so tempting fold within fold, that a child will pull it open, forgetful that he will spoil it forever, from being a full-blown rose, and that he will let the dust, and the sun, and the bee in to its tender bosom—and men are true children, and women are their rosebuds.

Thinking only of keeping well with this strange and beautiful wayfarer from that unknown paradise of Rubes' country, Beebe lifted up the vine-leaves of her basket.

"It took a flower for you to-day, but it is dead. Look—to-morrow, if you will be there, you shall have the best in all the garden."

"You wish to see me again then?" he asked her. Beebe looked at him with troubled eyes, but with a sweet frank faith that had no hesitation in it.

"Yes! you are not like anything I ever knew, and if you will only help me to learn a little. Sometimes I think I am not stupid, only ignorant, but I cannot be sure unless I try."

He smiled; he was listlessly amused; the day before he had tempted the child merely because she was pretty, and to tempt her in that way seemed the natural course of things, but now there was something in her that touched him differently; the end would be the same, but he would change the means.

The sun had set. There was a low, dull red glow still on the far edge of the plains—that was all. In the distant cottages little lights were twinkling. The path grew dark.

"I will go away and let her alone," he thought. "Poor little soul! it would give itself lavishly, it would never be bought. I will let it alone; the mind will go to sleep and the body will keep healthy and strong and pure, as people call it. It would be a pity to play with both a day, and then throw them away as the boy threw the pear blossom. She is a little clod of earth that has field-flowers growing in it. I will let her alone, the flowers under the plow in due course will die, and she will be content among the other clods,—if I let her alone."

At that moment there went across the dark fields, against the dusky red sky, a young man with a pile of brushwood on his back, and a hatchet in his hand.

"You are late, Beebe," he called to her in Flemish, and scowled at the stranger by her side.

"A good-looking lad—who is it?" asked her companion.

"That is Jeannot, the son of old Sophie," she answered him. "He is so good,—oh, so good,—you cannot think; he keeps his mother and three little sisters, and works so very, very hard in the forest, and yet he often finds time to dig my garden for me,

"No." "But you flowers talk to you?"

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The first to appear before the au-


Mr. Edgerton said to the marshal: "The order of this board must be enforced; take charge of this basket." Marshal Diehl took hold of the basket as directed and was obliged to take it by force. By this time the scene in the room begged description. The men were in a great commotion, clapping of hands and different cries were heard. Men stood upon the chairs and yelled. "Hold on to it," "Don't give it up," "Stick to it," "It's a shame," etc., etc. Some of the ladies present became excited and frightened, and at one moment it seemed to be an impossibility to have order restored. Mr. Edgerton endeavored to make himself heard, but his words could not be distinguished at a distance of two feet and he was obliged to relinquish the effort.

art and science has always raised all nations to the highest degree of culture of the mind. The most prosperous period of all nations was when they had arrived at the highest point of art. Ever the barbarism of North America and Europe has in the great measure been accounted to the scientific explorations of modern days.

Next was "The Negro Exodus," by Frank B. Walker. Ten years ago we ranked "What shall we do with the negro?" Now the tables are reversed, and we ask what will the negro do with us? The grounds occupied by the newspapers of the day were covered in the oration. The movement of a bad one for the negro and a bad one for the whites; they need mutual aid from each other in the south; the

The law of reaction is as important to the economy of nature as the primary law of action. Work creates desire for leisure and continued inactivity likewise creates a desire for work. Leisure is only a relative condition, it is not an absolute state. Its garment beautiful in its texture, it will soon fade. The mind set in action finds happiness in its own faculties. A man has more pleasure in acquiring a fortune than in spending Everything in nature is in action the springtime. The woods are answers, the birds and the winds are always in action, while the eternal clockwork of the skies knows no rest. There are threads in the universal fabric of which God is the weaver. But let a good thread in the shuttle or the good thread in the web supply another one in our stead.

"Conversationalists," by Edward A. Menthall, was the last essay predom-

[illegible]


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